

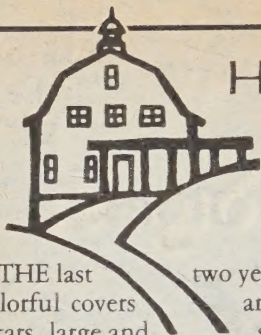
ALL SAINTS  
A.D. 1982



# the anglican digest



ashotah House,  
ashotah, Wisconsin



# HILLSPEAKING

*Colorful Journalism,  
To God's Glory*

FOR THE last two years our readers have been applauding our colorful covers and centerfolds showing off churches and altars, large and small, in all their reverent glory. Now the stately but sprightly *Church Times* of London—long known as the good *gray* chronicle of ecclesia—has joined us in the ranks of colorful journalism. It's all a part of our mutual task of attractively packaging and presenting the contemporary Christian faith.

As we celebrate the use of modern technology in the service of age-old truths, we pause to realize that we worship God with all our senses of sight, speech, sound—even the sense of smell in making the Lord's house fragrant with incense and flowers.

With the sense of touch, the Episcopal Church reaches out to all its people at the most significant moments of their lives. It bathes them in the waters of baptism, feeds them at its altar rail and anoints them with the oil of healing. Through the laying-on-of-hands by a Bishop it confers the gifts of the Holy Spirit in confirmation and ordination. In holy matrimony the priest binds the couple's hands with his stole, the symbol of authority, praying that "those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." And these days many parishes have revived the ancient exchange of the peace.

*(continued on page 46)*

Cover: Architect Richard Upjohn's Chapel of St Mary the Virgin, outlined against a blue Wisconsin sky, adjoins the cloister of Nashotah House Episcopal Seminary, established in the year 1843.

FR JAMES B SIMPSON, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

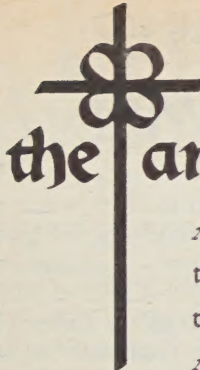
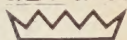
FR H L FOLAND, FOUNDER (1958-80)

*The Anglican Digest* (ISSN 0003-3278) is published by SPEAK (Society for the Promotion and Encouragement of the Arts and Knowledge [of the Church]). Second class postage paid at Eureka Springs, Arkansas. Volume 24, Number 5.

**We would appreciate receiving \$5 a year (\$6 outside US) from each reader.**  
**POSTMASTER: Send changes to Hillspeak, Eureka Springs, AR 72632**



ALL SAINTS  
A.D. 1982



# the anglican digest

A miscellany reflecting  
the words and work of  
the faithful throughout the  
Anglican Communion.

## INFINITE VARIETY

THE DIVERSITY of sanctity was of unending fascination to Gerard Manley Hopkins. Christ, he said, “plays in ten-thousand places, lovely in limbs and lovely in eyes not his, to the Father, through the features of men’s faces.” And, one could add, not only in limbs but in mind and heart, for no saint is like any other and none is wholly imitable, though all offer some light to guide us in the mists of this life. The reading of their lives gives us glimpses of what God is really like and also brings us into touch with the kind of world loved by Christ and ever full of promise waiting to be renewed.

Great men and women have always an appeal; some are admirable and some not—few are imitable. It is the mark of a saint

that he or she fulfills the highest ideals and is at the same time a friend and inspiration. They tell us what is possible for us, whether we have one talent or ten, whether we live in sorrow or joy, in days of menace or in times of hope. They combine the almost impossible—weakness with strength, darkness with joy, self-denial with profound humanity and affection. Unlike so many other distinguished persons in science, literature and statesmanship, they remain ever contemporary in that they reveal the everlasting source of happiness, the secret of how to turn the common into what is perfect and unique. Each . . . manages to find the true Cross, the emblem of life and hope. —Philip Carmen, SJ, Preface to *Saints and Ourselves*, Servant Books, 1982.



# THE DOVE ON THE WIRE

JUST OUT of reach of my window sill stretches a wire that carries a heavy current of electricity for light and power. It is carefully insulated at every pole that supports it, and is carried well out of common reach. If I could lean out far enough to touch it, death would be swifter than the tiger's leap or the serpent's sting, as swift as the lightning stroke.

Yet the doves light on it and take no harm. They fly from the window where I sometimes feed them, to preen and rest on the wire in safe contentment, and then fly off again to search for food. The secret is that when they touch the full-powered wire they touch nothing else. They give themselves wholly to it. My danger would be that, while I touch the wire, I should also be touching the earth through the walls of my house, and the current would turn my body into a channel for escape. But they rest wholly on the wire, and experience neither dread nor danger. They are one with it, and they are safe.

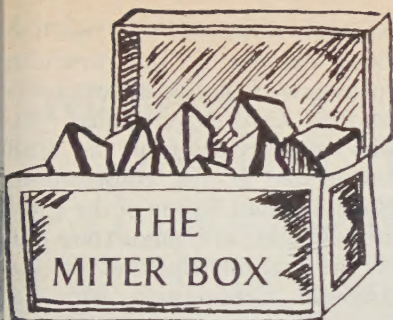
So would God have us seek our safety in complete self-surrender to His power and love. It is when we

reach one hand to Him, while yet we keep fast hold on some forbidden thing with the other that we are in danger. Christ enjoined us [in the words of the Collect for Purity] to love God with all our heart, with all our soul, with all our mind, with all our strength. When we do this, we are safe. —*Pillar of Fire* quoted by St Stephen's Newsletter, Hurst, Diocese of Dallas

## ST IGNATIUS' PRAYER

**O** LORD, take over all the remaining years of my life. Take my feelings, take my understanding and my will. All that I am and all that I possess in my home, my family, my work, my career, you have given them to me. To you I give them back entire, and, henceforth, to Your will and guidance, I surrender them. Give me, in return, but love of You and, with it, give Your strength and I am rich enough and ask no more. —*Mountain Echo*, Diocese of Vermont





*James Michael Mark Dyer*, 52, New Hampshire-born, Ottawa-educated former priest in a Roman Catholic religious order, '65-69, before marrying in '71 and being received into the Episcopal Church, since which time he has been a missionary in the Diocese of Massachusetts and more recently Rector of Christ Church, South Hamilton, Mass: to be V Coadjutor of Bethlehem, Pa, in eventual succession to Lloyd Edward Gressle, 64, who became VI Diocesan in '72 and plans to retire at the end of '83.

*Michael Geoffrey Peers*, 47, VIII Bishop of Qu'Appelle since 1977: to be Archbishop of Rupert's Land ecclesiastical province (on the fourth ballot). The second-youngest metropolitan to be elected in Canada, he succeeds Fred Crabb of Athabasca who resigned after three years.

*Samir Kafity*, 52, graduate of the University of Beirut and the Near East School of Theology and since 1974 Archdeacon of Beirut: to be I Coadjutor of Jerusalem to succeed the X Diocesan, Faiq Haddad, who will retire in January '84.

*Alwyn Rice Jones*, 48, former Dean of Bangor: to be Bishop of St Asaph, one of a half dozen dioceses in the Church of Wales, three of which date back to the sixth century.

#### Honors:

*Robert Alexander Kennedy Run-  
cie*, 102nd Archbishop of Canter-

#### Elections & Appointments:

*Keith John Benzies*, 44, Scottish-born missionary in Madagascar since 1966 (four years after he was ordained in York Minster): to be X Bishop of Antsiranana, succeeding Gabriel Josoa to whom he has been secretary and who is now retiring. A year ago Fr Benzies brought to an English hospital a youth whose face was completely disfigured in a scything accident and who had been stoned by superstitious villagers.

*Richard Henry Goodhew*, 48, Archdeacon of the Wollongong area of Australia: to continue serving Wollongong as one of five Assistant Bishops of the Diocese of Sydney. His predecessor, *Kenneth Herbert Short*, 55, becomes Bishop in Parramatta, another area of the 10,000-square mile Sydney Diocese.

*Charlie Fuller McNutt, Jr*, 51: to be V Bishop of Central Pennsylvania after serving as Coadjutor for the last two years; succeeding retiring Bishop Dean T Stevenson.

bury: an honorary doctorate from the University of Kent whose hilltop campus overlooks his Cathedral Church.

*Desmond Tutu*, 52, General Secretary of the South African Council of Churches: the doctorate of sacred theology from Columbia University, only the third ever conferred outside the university precincts; the others were to President Lincoln during the Civil War and to Supreme Court Justice William O Douglas who was too ill to attend a convocation. "We note that both died with the civil rights agenda still unfinished," said Columbia's president during the ceremony at the University of the Witwatersrand, South Africa's leading English-speaking university. In response, Bishop Tutu said he wished "to assert yet again that apartheid, a system as vicious as Nazism and Communism, must one day bite the dust for we are all agreed that a lie cannot prevail forever against the truth."

#### **Bishops & Books:**

*All Their Splendor*, Fount Original, two pounds, by the recently deceased David Brown (see Burials), an astute study of the claims of major religious faiths and their similarities.

*Henry Wise Hobson: Comfort the Afflicted, Afflict the Comfortable*, Forward Movement Press, Cincinnati, by Robert Hansel, a concise "life" of the IV Bishop of

Southern Ohio ('29-59), now the eldest member of the American episcopate. A similar distinction is held by Cyril Edgar Stuart, 90, who recently observed the 50th anniversary of his consecration. Made Assistant Bishop of the enormous Diocese of Uganda (now one of the member-churches of the Anglican Communion with 18 dioceses) he served as its Ordinary (one who ordains), '34-53, returning to England to be Assistant Bishop of Worcester.

*In My Understanding*, Fortress Press, Philadelphia, \$8.95, by George Simms, successively Bishop of Cork, Cloyne and Ross, '52-56; Archbishop of Dublin, '52-62; Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland until '80. A volume of meditations looking back on his ministry, its title is based on the beloved phrases of #466 in *The Hymnal* 1940.



#### **Deaths:**

*Wilfrid Lewis Mark Way*, 77, who served the old Universities' Mission to Central Africa for 15 years before becoming III Bishop of Masasi '52-60; on returning home he was Assistant Bishop of Southwell '60-71.



For every giver, there is a receiver. For every receiver, there is a giver. Each should thank God for the other. *Trinity Tidings*, Trinity Church, Pine Bluff, Diocese of Arkansas



# WILLIAM, I BAPTIZE THEE . . .



**I**N A QUIET but compelling way, the place of Holy Baptism in the 1980s has been brought to world attention in the recent baptism of Prince William of Wales.

Like most state occasions in English life, the event stimulated spirited letters to the newspapers. It shouldn't take place on a weekday, cried the Rector of Ormskirk, Fr Michael Smouth. "Not to worry," soothed a citizen of Walsall. "While it's no help to a parish it's permissible under Canon B-21 and if any parents try to use the royal example as a lever for their own wishes, the priest can respond in good conscience. The inevitable furor might shake a few foundations and do a lot of good."

The "family only" custom also runs counter to the teaching that the ceremony should take place in Church with the congregation renewing their baptismal vows as the child is welcomed into "the congregation of Christ's flock." On the latter point, there may well have been a renewal of vows since the officiant, the Archbishop of Canterbury, used the new Prayer Book. As for the chapel, it was de-

stroyed in World War II and the palace's cream and gold Music Room has been used for baptisms since that time.

One thing is certain—the Archbishop didn't have to stipulate that the young parents should

## MORE THAN WATER

**B**aptism is not a right. It is a divine privilege for the children of faithful Christians who promise to bring up their child in the faith. It should not be reduced to a social ritual by making it available to those who do not understand its meaning or obligations. For this reason, no priest should baptize an infant if the parents are not committed, practicing Christians. Baptism is not a social event, nor is it magic. It is a sign of our commitment to Christ, and in the absence of that commitment, baptism should not be administered.  
—Rector, St Paul's, Flatbush, Diocese of Long Island

regularly attend Church. Unimpeded by tending to formulas and feeding, they regularly turn up at Windsor, Sandringham, Balmoral and elsewhere.

All in all, it was a festive day in an otherwise turbulent summer in which the Queen's horseguards were assaulted and an intruder was routed from her bedroom (see "Don't Do It, Ivy," elsewhere in this issue). The 25-minute service included two hymns sung by choirs

of the Chapels Royal. A silver-gilt lily font, made in 1841 for Edward VII's baptism, was brought from the Tower of London where it usually reposes with the crown jewels. Edward's 140-year-old gown of satin and lace was also used. Lastly, the baptismal name of William ties with John as a favorite in parish registers. "A rather nice name," said the baby's father. —Taddled from various sources

---

## EVANGELISM

MUCH is being said and written by Anglicans these days about the rapid pace and spread of the evangelical movement in American Christianity, implying that Episcopalians need to get on the bandwagon too. What is often meant is the quest for evangelical, high-pressure enthusiasm more than the wise repetition of Bishop John Hobart's famous cry of "evangelical truth and apostolic order," a balance in which one aspect serves the other so well. Even with its imperfections, we love and use the Book of Common Prayer, yet so often rendered in public worship as if Bishop Hobart had never spoken.

The responsible evangelist is careful how he preaches—he means what he says. The Anglican liturgy requires the same attention,

if not more so, because it is read repeatedly, and therefore liable to monotonous affectation. We must understand and mean what it is that the Church intends to set forth for God's glory and the congregation's edification. Well-planned services demand as much care as a competent sermon, and the concern for what happens in the pews is no less important than what happens in the sanctuary.

Beautiful liturgy, well done, has no rival and should lead to the proclamation of catholic and evangelical truth in the daily living of its participants and reaching out to those who were not there. The Anglican Society firmly holds to these principles, ever sensitive to Bishop Hobart's noble standard. —Fr Peter Chase, St James Church, Greenfield, Diocese of Massachusetts



## ARE OTHERS FAR BEHIND?

**R**ELECTING on the recent meeting of Deans at Lincoln Cathedral, I find that the Church of England is greatly burdened by tradition and class distinctions. Ancient statutes and rules govern almost everything. And the closeness of the Church, particularly the cathedrals, to the privileged classes sets it apart from the community. Earnest, diligent men with keen minds and high learning are its clergy, but their backgrounds and educations divide them from the masses. The church looks and sounds like the Court of St James and your average Englishman knows it and stays away. I do not wish to pretend that this is not also a problem for the Episcopal Church at large with its English ways and its society connections. It is deeply distressing to its leaders, but they are largely resigned to things as they are.

**T**he traditional structures with crown-and-state-clergy appointment and financial support from ancient endowments have left the clergy autonomous and the laity largely impotent. A cathedral's support comes principally from

lands and investments. It is grossly inadequate, but at the same time little is done to give the laity reason to support the church more adequately. The offering bags in most cathedrals are designed only for coins and at a Sunday service I sat next to nicely dressed people who only put in copper pennies. I do not wish to judge them as individuals, but they reveal how the church has let its very establishment crush responsible stewardship. Lord knows, the US is still struggling with clergy domination, but American clergy know how dependent we are on lay leadership, good will and support. In the Church of England it is possible to be appointed a canon and stay a lifetime with no need of lay approval! Thus establishment and tradition have conspired to stifle lay involvement and stewardship.

**A**s for buildings, there are almost 20,000 noble structures, half of them pre-Reformation. Upkeep is staggering. They greatly exceed the church-going population's needs and are being closed or given over to civic uses. It was once true that Norwich, a city of less than a hundred thousand, had

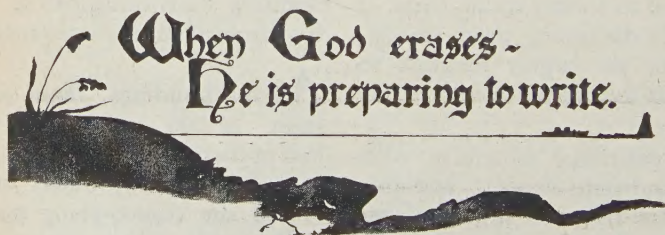
a church for every week of the year and a pub for every day. The pubs still thrive, the churches are closing.

To say all this is like running down one's parents. It is painful to all of us. Yet, despite it all, the Church of England is "there," being the church for all the people whether they come only to be baptized and buried. It is a thing of beauty, and it is determined like the Churchillian figure of its retired Archbishop Michael Ramsey. He preached at the final service for the American deans, embodied that persistence, in the face of impossible odds, which we observed in many of the English clergy. But I believe that if the Church of England goes the way of its abandoned abbeys, the American Church may not be far behind.

We were received by the English cathedral staffs with great gener-

sity and warm hospitality and we made many friends. We respected their learning, their honesty and their capacity for self-criticism. We admired innovative programs in their cathedrals. We were touched by the majesty of their building and the beauty of their worship. We must work to learn more from one another in order to strengthen our common bonds.

In two years we hope that the English deans and wives will join our cathedral deans at Washington Cathedral to share our life. I hope we can meet in true humility, sensitive to our mutual strengths and weaknesses. The joint conference in England last spring has started something of real importance. It must not languish. My readers, pray for the church, nationwide and worldwide. — Canon Charles Perry of Washington in *Cathedral Age*



All Saints Episcopal Convent  
Catonsville, Md.





## A RARE EPISCOPAL MEMOIR

“**W**HO HAS A copy of *Reminiscences Of A Missionary Bishop?*” asked the Montana diocesan newspaper. “We do!” replied Hillspeak’s Operation Passalong. That same day Passalong sent off the venerable volume to the man who was longing to read it—none other than the newly elected VIII Bishop of Idaho, David Birney.

“They really knew how to bind books back in those days,” says Jack Baker, a Kansas businessman who retired to Hillspeak more than ten years ago and is a veteran volunteer worker on Passalong. “The 498-page Tuttle book is episcopal purple with a gold-embossed cover. Our records show it came in 1977 from Norman Johnson of the Diocese of Minnesota. Although we have waiting lists for many books, this one has just been languishing for a request. Now it becomes one of some 27,000 books we’ve ‘passed along’ since 1971—all for the price of postage and whatever contribution a reader wishes to make.”

Although separated by a century, Tuttle and Birney began their episcopates in areas that are still similar, geographically and religiously. Tuttle became I Missionary Bishop of Montana in 1866 and I Missionary Bishop of Utah a year later. He served in the West for two decades before accepting election as IV Bishop of Missouri in 1886. It was a post at which he remained until 1923. He was a Bishop for an incredible 56 years, the last 20 of them as XIII Presiding Bishop.

Birney also has missionary experience (in Uganda) and could follow Tuttle’s footsteps. Meanwhile, Passalong stands ready to help him and others in locating rare books. □

---

*One of the proofs of the divinity of the Gospel is the preaching it has survived.*  
—A parish bulletin (Diocese of Kansas)

## BY MY PRAYER BOOK SHALL I BE KNOWN

**T**HE BLACK leather cover is worn and the pages of Morning and Evening Prayer are falling out from much use. The ribbon markers are faded, but the purple one is still in place for Ash Wednesday, the day of the owner's death.

On the fly leaf is written: "To Fr Buley—As a remembrance of the hour you and I shared on our commencement night. Washington High School, Class of 1950." Underneath in the owner's handwriting it says, "This Prayer Book and Bible was used to read the lessons at the great Service of Witness held at the Milwaukee Auditorium on 8 Sept 1954. The first lesson was read by the Bishop of Chicago (Burrill), Isaiah 60. The second lesson was read by the retired Bishop of Milwaukee (Ivins). The preachers at this service were The Primus of Scotland (Hanay), The Metropolitan of India, Burma, Ceylon and Pakistan (Mukerjee) Archbishop of Calcutta."

**T**here is a clipping pasted inside the cover: "Dear Lord, this sermon of mine isn't much good. But I've worked honestly on it and it's the best I can do—at least at the moment. I know that any good

that comes from my sermon will be Your doing, not mine. Please help me so to live, that I may become an increasingly uncluttered channel of Your grace. To that end, may I think your own thoughts after You, and speak Your own Word. I love you and I love these people, among whom I've been called. That's that, God. Amen."

**A** small card falls out of the Office Book, "Soul of Christ, sanctify me . . ."

The owner died "with his boots on," after conducting three services on Ash Wednesday, 16 Feb 1972, his 63rd birthday. The boys of St John's Military Academy, where he was chaplain, had sung with enthusiasm, "Happy Birthday, Dear Father!"

**F**ound lying in the aisle of his church a half hour later, feet pointed toward the altar, a smile on his face, his hat and gloves placed neatly beside him, it seemed he was having a "Happy Birthday."

"In the hour of my death call me and bid me come to thee, that with thy Saints I may praise thee, for ever and ever. Amen." —Clara Buley, *The Milwaukee Churchman*



## ALL IN THE FAMILY

**O**N SUNDAY we shall be doing something which is rare in our day but was once normal procedure. Marti Kathryn Milam and Joseph Anthony Noa will be married during the 11 o'clock service. Prior to 1662, Anglican weddings almost always took place during a parish's main Sunday service. After that date, with a change in the rubrics, the custom gradually died away, although it was still commonplace until the late 18th century. The Solemnization of Matrimony, as it stood in the Prayer Book, was still structured as though the marriage was taking place on a Sunday morning. It was, for instance, the only service in the Prayer Book that had no provisions for the reading of lessons from the Bible [nor would they be provided outside a Nuptial Eucharist that many couples chose]. The assumption was that the lessons had already been read as a part of the Sunday service.

Marti and Tony have made their request because, during the last two years, they have come to look upon the parish as their family, and because they want to identify their exchange of vows and the blessing of the Church as a part of,

not separated from, the life of the worshipping community. Their wedding becomes part of what a parish does when it comes together to praise the God Who gives us one another and all that we have and are.

Afterwards, Marti and Tony will provide us with punch and cake. Everyone is invited. —Fr Brinkley Morton, Advent, Birmingham, Diocese of Alabama (Bishop-Elect of San Diego)



### FEELING BORED?

**A** young boy complained to his father that most of the church hymns were boring to him—too far behind the times, tiresome tunes and meaningless words. His father put an end to the discussion by saying, "If you think you can write better hymns, then why don't you?" The boy went to his room and wrote his first hymn. The year was 1690, the teen-ager was Isaac Watts. "When I Survey The Wondrous Cross" and "Joy To The World" are among almost 350 hymns written by him. Feeling bored? Let the world remember you for 300 years! —Richard Jones, Parish Bulletin, Good Shepherd, Wailuku, Diocese of Hawaii

## MUSIC FOR A GREAT SPACE

IN THE VAST, resonant spaces of Manhattan's Cathedral Church of St John the Divine, the Berlioz Requiem has an apt setting. Its performance in a series called Music For A Great Space was stirring and noble.

While the composer suggested forces of something over 400, divided equally between singers and players, conductor Richard Westenburg had only half that number. But his professional choristers made a brave, brilliant sound, and distinguished players appeared in his orchestra.

It is not just the loud passages—the thunder of massed kettle-drums, the four brass bands, the chorus in full cry—that flourish in space. The grave two-part and one-part writing, the unaccompanied string melodies that open the Offertorium and the Sanctus, the lines of the solo flute and the solo tenor and the dusky glow of the divided violas in the Sanctus, the soft drum chords in the Agnus Dei—these, too, were awesome and beautiful as they stole out into the huge structure and set it gently sounding. The far-flung harmonies of the hostias—three high flutes floating over a low trombone pedal—which can seem merely peculiar

in a concert hall, became wondrous.

In his *Memoirs*, Berlioz writes of “the scale of the movements, the breadth of style, and the formidably slow and deliberate pace of



certain progressions, whose final goal cannot be guessed.” These gave to his “architectural” compositions—the Te Deum as well as the Requiem—their “gigantic” character and “colossal” aspect.

Westenburg's reading of the Requiem was broad, majestic, energetic and ardent—paced with a fine command of the music's architecture, and carefully balanced and “placed” within the Cathedral's actual architecture.



Attended by 4,000 persons, it was a performance responsive to what Berlioz asks in his writings and in his music. It formed a prelude to the Cathedral's Peace Sabbath Weekend—held in conjunction with the UN's Special Session on Disarmament—when people of many faiths gathered ecumenically in the Cathedral to pray for peace.

Elsewhere in the sprawling Gothic pile, the film *Hiroshima-Nagasaki 1945*, made shortly after atomic bombs were dropped on those cities, was on continuous show.

The musical performance was dedicated to the late René Dubos, scientist and humanist (see TAD's Pentecost issue), whose last essay was printed in the program: "Unclear values allow us to accept the possibility of nuclear war for reasons of national prestige when every sensible person knows that the inevitable result of nuclear warfare would be not only immeasurably damaging to every living and inanimate thing on earth but also the virtual collapse of Western civilization." —Andrew Porter in *The New Yorker*.

## ACCORDING TO —

- *Success* by Michael Korda, published by Success Research Corporation and recently made available through Books-on-Tape: Although Episcopalians represent a very small percentage of the national population, they represent over 20 percent of the nation's successful executives with Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists and the Jewish just behind. Baptists and Roman Catholics are under-represented in percentage terms among the success elite as are people who have majored in the humanities, the social sciences, education, and the physical sciences.

- The Bishop of California on commissioning a group of lay pastors for San Francisco's gay community: In no way is the Episcopal Church endorsing the homosexual lifestyle. All that's happening is that we're establishing one beachhead for counseling human beings and for opening up a dialogue between Christians who are homosexual and Christians who are heterosexual. The norm in Christian morality is still that male and female were made for each other [but] Episcopalians tend to look at most issues not only in  
(Continued on page 19)

*Those in round-collars know . . .*



## A SMILE WINS A SMILE



**O**VER the years I've come to expect nearly everyone to wave, say hello, or smile at the sight of a clerical collar. The impact, the "collar effect," really came home to me on my day-off when a group of women exchanged my smile and hello. But one look fairly screamed, "Who does he think he is?" Since that day, I've been taking an informal, silent survey—and sure enough, friendliness increases when the collar goes on!

First, people out there are more loving, open and tender-hearted than we think. A collar doesn't generate kindness, it just gives people permission, in a sense, to express what's already there. So much of our callousness and air of indifference is a defense mechanism. It hurts to show love and be rejected so we quit unless we sense it is safe. Secondly, it makes me

more aware of the brave souls we run into from time to time who dare to love others openly and unabashedly. There is nothing brave about being friendly while wearing a collar—people expect it. Yet there are others who courageously go about exchanging smiles for frowns, doing small acts of love and thinking of others before themselves. A telephone operator whose face I never saw gave me a lovely gift one rotten day with her cheerful voice and the extra five seconds she spent being nice.

May God grant us grace to focus our eyes on people as they are, to accept and not be fooled by protective masks we all wear, and to have consideration for those we don't know. ". . . For as much as you did it unto the least of these, you did it unto me." —Fr Stephen Whitefield, St David's, Austin, Diocese of Texas

**R**EMEMBER, Christian Soul, That thou hast this day, and every day of thy life: God to glorify. Jesus to imitate. A soul to save. A body to mortify. Sins to repent of. Virtues to acquire. Hell to avoid. Heaven to gain. Eternity to prepare for. Time to profit by. Neighbors to edify. The world to despise. Devils to combat. Passions to subdue. Death, perhaps, to suffer. Judgment to undergo.

—*St Augustine's Prayer Book*



## IT WAS CHRIST, NOT HENRY



AS ANOTHER General Convention passes on its way, we return to the never-ending chore of refuting the old belief that Henry VIII broke with Rome in 1534 and made himself head of the new Church.

That Tudor monarch was many things for which his memory must be loathed: a murderer, a "pillager" of the Church, a ruthless tyrant, a thoroughly immoral man. But unless he performed a greater miracle than the parting of the Red Sea waters, *he could not possibly have founded a new Church*. He would have had to have been more than 1,400 years old, at the time, to have done that.

What did happen is that Henry VIII pillaged a very old Church—that part of Christ's One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church, which was first planted in ancient Britain (modern England) before 100 A.D.

No, that wretched Henry VIII did not "create" a new church. The break was a rupture between a self-serving monarch and the Pope. There was no "new" church, but simply a refusal to recognize any

longer the Pope's internal power in the "old" Church. The ancient, apostolic church in England, in every other respect—its services, bishops, parish priests and church life—continued as before.

No serious Christian—Roman Catholic, Anglican, Eastern Orthodox or Protestant—can take any pleasure in the terrible "cleavage" existing today within the One Body of Christ. A divided Christendom brings only sorrow to our Blessed Lord, I believe. Indeed, a "family quarrel" is a terrible thing. Essentially, that is what divides Anglicans and Roman Catholics. The Episcopal or Anglican Church holds the same Catholic creeds, cherishes the same seven sacraments, teaches the same sacred duties (attendance at the Sunday Eucharist), observes 90 percent of the same holy days, keeps similar days of abstinence and fasting, treasures the same sacred scriptures.

We believe our Lord Jesus Christ to be Perfect God and Perfect Man, our King and Saviour. Our deacons, priests and bishops are educated and ordained similarly. Our

## DON'T DO IT, IVY

**N**EWSPAPERS have had a field day over the incident of the young man who broke into the Queen's bedroom. Somehow, a 31-year-old subject of Her Majesty managed to

elude palace security and gain entrance to the royal boudoir. Apparently he meant to do no harm to the Queen. He loves her; she is his Queen, and he simply wanted to talk to her.

Imagine the Queen's surprise on awakening to a strange man's, "Good morning, Your Majesty, Mum; you look lovely with your hair pinned up so, and your pretty shortie nightgown . . ."

**T**he Queen behaved as a Queen should — no shrieks, no fainting, no visible fear. She talked calmly with the intruder, until a chambermaid came to the rescue and escorted Michael Fagin to the somewhat chagrined authorities.

This incident coming in the midst of war news from the Middle East, a "flat" economy at home, bad vibes from South America and floods and tornadoes throughout the land, brought a kind of comic relief to an overly serious world.

In a way, there is something tender about a man—a rather obscure human being—caring so much for his Queen (surely here a Mother-figure) that he risks his life to spend a few stolen moments with her. There is something especially



---

*(continued from page 17)*

sisters and male religious take the same vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. Their communities even bear some of the same names.

Pray with me and work that we may hate old prejudices and love Christian charity—that someday we all may be visibly one in Christ.  
—The Bishop of Northern Indiana

tender in the Queen's response (surely here a Mother-figure) to the young man's need.



But there was another report that grew out of this incident that caught my interests. It dealt with Ivy Fagin, Michael's mother. Ivy went on record saying she would write to the Queen a letter of

apology for the son's actions. For me, this is most enlightening. It helps to explain why Michael felt he could invade the Queen's privacy. We can almost look back through the years and see his mother apologizing for his pranks and foibles. "It's OK son, I'll fix it for you. I'll tell them you're sorry."

But Ivy Fagin didn't enter the Queen's bedroom uninvited; Michael did. If an apology is to be made, let the right person make it. For once in his life, Ivy, let Mike face up to a problem he has created. Let *him* apologize for what *he* has done. —A laywoman, Resurrection, East Point, Diocese of Atlanta

---

(continued from page 15)

terms of the morality involved but also in terms of the human predicament.

- William Warburton, XVI Bishop of Gloucester, 1760-79: The Church, like the ark of Noah, is worth saving, not so much for the unclean beasts and vermin that almost filled it and doubtless made the most noise and clamor in it, but for the little corner of rationality that was as much distressed by the stink within as by the tempest without.

- The Archbishop of Canterbury speaking in London at the Annual Meeting of St Luke's Hospital for

Clergy: I commend to you a little production called *The Anglican Digest*, a US-based publication that goes all over the Anglican Communion. Its Advent '81 issue has an article on St Luke's as a very unique institution. It is written in breezy American style and refers to the Chairman as "bushy-browed, dynamic Dobson" who is just about to sort out the place! But it does illustrate a journalist who has just discovered St Luke's and has got rather excited about it. The journalist realizes what a remarkable place it is in the Anglican Communion. □



## LITURGY AND LIFE

**O**N SUNDAY mornings, I often do not see my children until I see them in church. That means my first communications with them are different in form and content than on other days. When I came back to my chair in the chancel after preaching what I thought was a passable sermon, my Junior Choir daughter sitting next to me whispered, "That was really a long one!" A week earlier, her eight-year-old brother was the first person on the far right of the altar rail at communion. As I approached him with a chalice, he whispered (unobtrusively and even reverently), "Daddy, both my frogs got away last night."

As long as they do not intrude into the worship of others, I'm glad my children incorporate what's on their minds into the context of worship. We do not leave at the church door the arguments about getting ready in time, or concerns about events (passing anxieties, in the long view, but important to us at the time). We come to the liturgy in the fullness of humanity—which may include irritations, regrets, distractions, as

well as thankful or fearful hearts.

Going to church is not reserved for those whose lives are in order. (Nobody would be here if that were the case!) The practice of church-going is a disciplined commitment to the truth that we belong to a community of believers. When we worship together, our identity is reinforced, our faith is strengthened—or tested—and we are shaped into the Body of Christ. That Body is incarnate; through the ordinary circumstances of our daily lives, we make our witness to God's presence within us. And ordinary circumstances include the daughter's complaint that her father is long-winded and a son's sadness that his frogs are gone. So when next you feel distracted or harried in church, or when you fall into the habit of staying away from church because your life is so busy, let the liturgy work its grace with you. It will take you as you are and unite you to your brothers and sisters, that together we may signify the news that God's love is present in our lives. —Rector, Chapel of the Cross, Chapel Hill, Diocese of North Carolina

# THE DIARY OF A BIBLE

- JANUARY 15**—I've been resting quietly for a week. The first few nights after New Year's Day my owner read me regularly. But now I guess I've been forgotten.
- February 2**—Clean up day! I was dusted along with some other things, but was put back on the shelf.
- February 24**—Owner used me for a short time after dinner. Looked up a few verses. Went to Sunday School.
- April 10**—I was dusted today and put on the center table in the sitting room. Special company was here, but now I'm back on the shelf again.
- May 12**—Busy day. My owner had to lead a devotional lesson and had to look up some references. Had quite a time finding me, and then hunted and hunted to find those references.
- June 5**—I'm here in grandma's lap. She's here on a visit. She let a tear fall on Colossians 2:5-7.
- June 6**—In grandma's lap again. She has spent most of her time reading I Corinthians 13 and the last four verses of the 15th chapter.
- June 7, 8, 9**—I've been in grandma's lap each afternoon. It is such a comfort to be appreciated and loved. She reads me part of the time, and then just sits and talks to me.
- June 10**—Grandma is gone and I'm back in the same old place. She kissed me before she left.
- July 4**—Had a couple of four-leaf clovers stuck in me today.
- August 1**—Packed in a suitcase with clothes. Off on a vacation, I guess.
- August 7**—Still in the suitcase.
- August 12**—Still in the suitcase although everything else has been in and out many times. Other things first I guess.
- August 15**—Home again and on the shelf. Quite a journey. Can't see why I went.
- September 3**—Rather stuffy and hot. Two magazines, a novel, and an old hat are on top of me.
- October 18**—Used by Mary a few minutes today.
- November 10**—Was carried to church today and held up to be counted.
- December 16**—Dusted again. I'm lonesome. Wish grandma would come and visit again.
- December 31**—Tomorrow I expect to have a knife run through me by each member of the family blindfolded in turn and then a finger placed on a "good-luck" verse. (Suppose a finger rests on John 5:39 or Matthew 4:4 or Hosea 4:6!) —*Pastoral Staff*, Diocese of Western Massachusetts



## BLESS, O LORD, THIS HOUSE . . .

ALL Saintstide finds the Church's seminaries—small, scattered and stalwart—well embarked on another academic year. From one of them, Nashotah House, a graduate of nearly 50 years ago writes:

Nashotah is a theological seminary but it is also a place, an institution and a tradition. Founded in the Wisconsin woodlands by James Lloyd Breck and his companions from General in the year 1843, when Milwaukee was a village and Chicago yet a small town, it is still known as "the Mission." But more than anything else, Nashotah is a state of mind. I was infused with something I cannot describe but which is real. I gravitate to the House. It is a center of things for me.

Sitting here in my old room overlooking the lake (Nashotah is the Indian word for twin lakes) everything appears exactly as it did that first afternoon in 1932. The waters were serene, peaceful, secure. They still are. Indeed, Nashotah has always been a monument to the quiet life.

Yet an hour ago as I drove over from Oconomowoc I was amazed at how the new roads encroach on this sanctuary. My first thought was that they ought not to be there. Nashotah should be far away from the world. Its students should have quiet for prayer and contemplation.

But a theological seminary, not even Nashotah, cannot remain aloof from its world. We are living, in fact, in a different world than that of the 30s and it is not quite the same House as the one I left so long ago.

I went up to the community cemetery, a peaceful place where I liked to walk when I was a student. I knew few names then. There was, of course, the somber tomb of Bishop Kemper which still dominates the scene along with the great Christus Rex. Today I recognize many names—Nutter, Whitman, Ivins, and some classmates.

Just over the hill is a new feature, the little group of buildings that house the married students and their families. I confess

---

"Michael" has been sounding the Angelus thrice daily since 1884 —→

[All photos by Fr Jerry Anderson]





Nashotah House  
across the lake









that when I first heard of the “fertile flats” I was shocked—and, too, at the presence of women students. A seminary, I thought, should be a man’s world. But I realize the world is moving and seminaries must move with it.

Today’s seminarians are older and more mature than in my day. They are serious and sincere. We were, too, but we were products of a less complex world. Like them, we were sure we were called to the priesthood. We studied, we talked endlessly about the things seminarians inevitably talk about. And we drank oceans of coffee. But today’s seminarians are the product of a society gone mad with problems. They *need* to be more mature.

At Evensong, I noted a much longer line. We had 35, now there are nearly 90. They represent far more dioceses and hold advanced degrees from scores of schools. But in a sense it could be any date—1932 or 1982. In they come, bowing, going to their stalls in choir, and beginning the Psalms much as we did.

I note a difference, however. After the third collect there is the prayer for missions, recited in unison, with a specific mission of the

Church being mentioned. And there is a prayer for another seminary, this time for a theological house in England. And finally the wonderful Prayer for the House, said exactly as in 1932 [see box, page 28]. It has been the prayer at Evensong for no one knows how long. It rings in my ears from a third of a century ago. It followed me to New Mexico, Indianapolis, Chicago. It moves me today.



A kind student permitted me to occupy my old stall. How many have sat there in these 50 years? It does not matter and it does not matter that I sat there. It only matters that I, and all my successors, should be worthy priests, loyal Churchmen and true Nashotah grads.

← Chapel, on Register of Historic Places, is classic Richard Upjohn

# PRAYER FOR THE HOUSE

*(Said daily at Evensong)*

**B**LESS, O Lord, this House, set apart to the glory of Thy great Name and the benefit of Thy Holy Church; and grant that Thy Name may be worshipped here in truth and purity to all generations. Give Thy grace and wisdom to all the authorities, that they may exercise holy discipline, and be themselves patterns of holiness, simplicity, and self-denial. Bless all who may be trained here; take from them all pride, vanity, and self-conceit, and give them true humility and self-abasement. Enlighten their minds, subdue their wills, purify their hearts, and so penetrate them with Thy spirit and fill them with Thy love, that they may go forth animated with earnest zeal for Thy glory; and may Thy everliving Word so dwell within their hearts, that they may speak with that resistless energy of love, which shall melt the hearts of sinners to the love of Thee. Open, O Lord, the hearts and hands of Thy people, that they may be ready to give and glad to distribute to our necessities. Bless the founders and benefactors of this House, and recompense them with the riches of Thine everlasting kingdom, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

**I** shall never forget my introduction to the floor of the chapel. Kneeling at that first service in 1932 I noticed that my neighbors scorned kneeling-pads and I quickly pushed mine away. Then followed day after day of Morning Prayer, Holy Communion, Evensong, Compline. It was, of course, good for me. A little of the same might have a salutary influence on my prayer life even now!

I have always been glad that Nashotah encouraged the cassock. Seminarians *are* studying for the

priesthood and the first office of the priesthood is to offer the Holy Sacrifice at God's altar. True, *and* a seminary is an academic institution but it is only that in order to train priests. Nothing outranks that priority. Let priests be trained in their craft, thoroughly immersed in it. Seminarians should begin to think as priests and to dress as priests. The cassock is the thing.

In today's cassock I detected a somewhat better quality of material and fit than obtained in my day, which was just around the corner



from the depression. I shall never forget my first tailor-made cassock that I donned the day I was ordained deacon. I know I was consumed with pride but I am sure God has long since forgiven me.

There are touches of newness all over the campus. For instance, Kemper Hall extends the cloister along its front and contains three modern classrooms, a dormitory and gym. Nearer the gate is a new refectory built by a woman who wanted more priests like her Rector. And then there is a sparkling new addition to the library.

Nashotah is my seminary. I am proud of it and thankful I was permitted to spend three years here.

We were perhaps a bit preoccupied with some of the externals—Nashotah has always championed the Church's Catholic heritage—but we also knew that Nashotah stood in a proud tradition and that it had held and taught the full faith through all its long history.

The House is no less concerned today with essentials of the Faith. What we see now is a more mature, seasoned, and profound understanding of the old truths. We see the whole Church moving more and more with us and we with the Church, and we give thanks. —Fr Richard Dawson Taylor, Chesterton, Indiana



*Editor's note: There follow two additional articles by the 14th Dean, John Ruef, and C of E's Michael Ramsey*

## DEAR SEMINARIANS

THIS IS Nashotah. After six months here you may say, "This is Nashotah?" But we can wait for that. This *is* Nashotah. It is a school where people are prepared for the parish ministry. We go to school a lot and, by comparison with what most have known before they come here, we go to church a lot. But then that is what you expected, isn't it? Perhaps what you didn't expect is that the people here look suspiciously like the people "back

home." They are no better and no worse, except that perhaps you thought they would be different. Well, in one important respect we are different in that our commitment is to a very specific function within the Church of God. We are committed to training people for the parish ministry. This means that we go to school a lot *and* we go to church a lot. It means we spend three years exposing the priest-to-be to the rich tradition of almost 2,000 years of Christianity and not

# PRIESTLY FORMATION



SINCE early in the last century, neither England nor the US was content to let its prospective priests rely solely on university education, even in theology, and there came about what in England are called theological colleges and what in Episcopalian America are known as seminaries.

Through the years there developed three main characteristics: 1) the study of theology with pastoral emphasis and scholarly depth, 2)

practical pastoral training, and 3) formation for a life of prayer, worship, personal discipline and devotion.

Seminary education today suffers from the 1960s and 70s—the “death of God” and “God in the secular” with trends to devalue prayer and worship in the interest of relevancy, social gospel and so on. Seminaries were very much hit, and, to be quite frank, some of them have never really recovered.

---

*(Continued from page 29)*

a little of the Judaism out of which Christianity grew and developed. You will work very hard while you are here. You will have more time than you realize until you get into a parish and find out what it means to be truly busy. However, we can wait for that, too. In the meantime, this is Nashotah. Welcome, let us know what we can do for you. The worst thing you can do while you are here is not to ask for help when you need it. That is what the Church is all about and we are, after all, part of the Church. —The XIV Dean of Nashotah House, Nashotah, Wis, addressing new students

There was a swing-back to piety, pietism and charisma. Indeed there is a good deal of the swing on the pendulum, of to-ing and fro-ing, and it seems to me that American seminary education hasn't quite gotten itself really straightened out. There are still seminaries where the devotional training is quite inadequate. And there are seminaries where, instead of a pattern of theology on Anglican lines, there's a kind of “menu” of electives and the student selects the items that he thinks are going to suit him, so there's no guarantee of a hold upon the essential pattern of the theological tradition. There are great exceptions but I'm just

describing some of the weaknesses that linger.

I believe that the contemplative strain in Christianity and in prayer isn't a flight from the world. I believe it's a search for God that sends us back into the world to meet the world's need in far greater depth. Thomas Merton is an example of a man who shows how the contemplative vocation can turn into a deep way of serving the world and caring for the world.

As to whether Americans spend too much time in class, that is a matter not just of seminaries but of educational practice in general. I'm quite certain that many seminarians spend far too much time in class. If the number of classes were reduced and the professors would deny themselves some of their talking, the students would have more time to read and to think.

Biblical study in the training of priests needs to have scholarly depth and integrity, just as it has, say, in a graduate school. But the emphasis will be on the students

"Like so many people throughout the world, we realize that they have touched our lives so deeply we will never be the same," said Nashotah's newsletter as Lord Ramsey and his wife, Joan, completed their seventh term in residence in their special suite affectionately called "Lambeth West."

studying the Bible in terms of that message drawn from it that they will be delivering in their preaching and pastoral work. What does this book tell us about God? What did it say about God to those who first read it? What does it say about God through the centuries and what does it say about God to us now? That positive note will be prominent. There is real art in holding together scholarly integrity and real pastoral sympathy and devotional atmosphere. —Lord Michael Ramsey, interviewed in *The Seminarian*, Nashotah, Wis.



"My father writes a couple of lines," said the first boy, "calls it a poem and gets \$10 for it." Said the second boy, "My father makes dots on a paper, calls it a song and gets \$25 for it." "That's nothing," said the third boy, "Father Stieper writes out some words, calls it a sermon, reads it from the pulpit, and it takes four men to bring in the money!" —Parish bulletin, St Columba, Hanover Park, Diocese of Chicago



## THE LIFE OF THE MIND

DOROTHY Leake was an out-of-town visitor greeted one late summer Sunday along with several others, mainly memorable for handing over her prized BBC recordings of Dorothy L Sayers' *The Man Born To Be King*, that were to be taped for a retired priest.

When we were telephoning to ask about returning them, our bookkeeper whispered, "I think she wants you to celebrate the Eucharist for her."

The appointed Sunday came cold and gray two months later. After the usual 8 o'clock Eucharist, I set out, grimly abandoning myself to a long drive across the state line into Missouri. Some hours later I turned into the yard, noted a sign "Water Biology Lab" and beyond that, over the door of the small house, another sign "Episcopal Vicarage."

I knocked on the door, wanting to turn the knob and just go in (my "get on with it" mood was predominating) and then there was Dorothy—tiny, white hair neatly braided, eyes bright behind harlequin glasses, and wearing a long, colorful skirt. Behind her was a

small altar set with chalice and paten and draped in the green of waning Trinitytide.

"I've laid things out for you," she said. "You can wear my husband's vestments."

In an adjoining bedroom I found the alb and cincture as well as a simply made silk stole and chasuble. They seemed yellowed to a cream color, crinkly, a bit halloed by years of use.

"I've left the candles for you to light on the altar and the credence table, too, if you'd like," Dorothy said. "And I can be your acolyte."

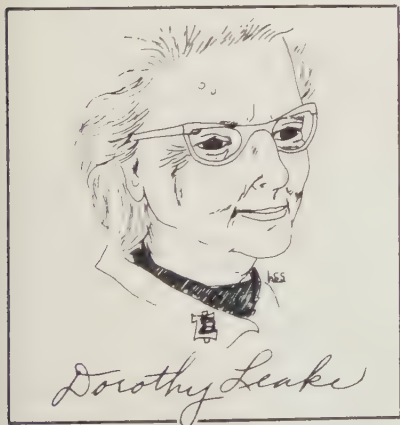
So I began, "Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open..."

The service proceeded perfectly with Dorothy making the responses. It did not seem like the morning's second Eucharist but a fresh, new celebration existing on its own integrity.

All too quickly I came to the familiar conclusion "The peace of God..."

Dorothy led me into a large living room, its walls lined with books and with a big window looking out on a clear, winding stream.

"I almost put out this chalice," Dorothy said, holding up a fine crystal goblet. "It was one of 900 made for the 900th anniversary of Lincoln Cathedral, the same year my husband was looking after a parish near York."



Nodding towards a handsome grand piano, Dorothy said, "That was my husband's. His field was music, mine was biology."

I noticed a mantlepiece carved with three Greek words which she translated with careful pronunciation. "It was made by a student. It says, 'Love one another'."

Dorothy stood then in front of her fireplace, facing me. "Last summer when I visited my son and his family in Thailand, the natives all asked, 'How old are you?' and I told them, 'I am 87'."

She had to be asked about her children. "Our son received his bachelor's degree at the same

graduation I was given my doctorate. Our daughter—she's 60 now and has four children—she's also in education."

So, swiftly and succinctly, Dorothy had given me the essential facts of her life. No need to ask politely probing questions. As for her age, I was astonished.

I followed her into the kitchen as she heated the noonday meal and also served up a commentary on the birds at the windowsill feeders.

"That cardinal, he's a big fellow with his feathers puffed up against the cold," she said. "And look at the purple finches! I'm glad there are no pheasants to frighten the small birds."

After our blessing she said, "Let's talk books. My son's textbook is in its second printing and making substantial money which is good because he had to borrow to finance its completion. I have done a guide to Colorado wildflowers that is selling well and I have been updating it with considerable trouble because I made all the drawings life-sized and the printer cut them down without regard to scale."

What were her thoughts about the Church?

"I grew up with a father reading Voltaire aloud to me and discussing everything and so I had a pretty free mind but then when I started teaching in Oklahoma I felt that for my students' sake I ought

to be a church member—the Bible Belt, you know— so I became a Methodist. My husband had been a Congregationalist. Then we discovered the Episcopal Church and he was fascinated. He went deeper and deeper into it but not until he was retired from teaching did he decide to study for Holy Orders. He was ordained when he was 68 and became a vicar. You know the young men get the best assignments. We always got what was left—just small places— but we didn't complain. The best part was being able to travel, especially on the *Rotterdam*, and being in England. If we hadn't had this place for retirement we would have settled in England."

She spoke then, quietly, of her husband's last years.

"The Church meant so much to him, ordination, the sacraments, the vestments, everything," she said. "You know he's right here with me."

I assured her that I did know that and I added something I do not always venture, "You know you will see him again."

"Yes," she replied, "I will see him again."

How were things with her *now*?

"Now," she said, "the life of the mind is the thing. It's where



life *is*. I'm not doing biology lab work for the state, nothing like that, but I do pursue my study of algae. It was the subject of my thesis. It is endlessly entrancing to me. But I have had the most interested Girl Scouts— whole troops of them—and the Senior Citizens, too, who walk along the edges of the brook with me and then I give them tea. I do not talk health with them; if you do, you get an *organ* recital. I *wanted* biology teachers to bring classes but teachers seem too busy nowadays for field trips. Well, I *accept* change. I even like the new Prayer Book!"

After lunch Dorothy gave me a tour of brass-rubbings, all exquisite; three of them—a medieval mother, father and son— had been carefully cut out and mounted on the panels of a folding screen.

"Come up here," she said, bounding a steep flight of stairs to some little rooms under the eaves.

"This is where I have my microscope and draw my flowers. And I sleep up here, too, my bed right level with a flat roof that becomes a field of snow white as the sheets."



It was time to go and we were again in the small front room where we had celebrated the Eucharist. I guessed that the altar was Dorothy's desk. She pointed

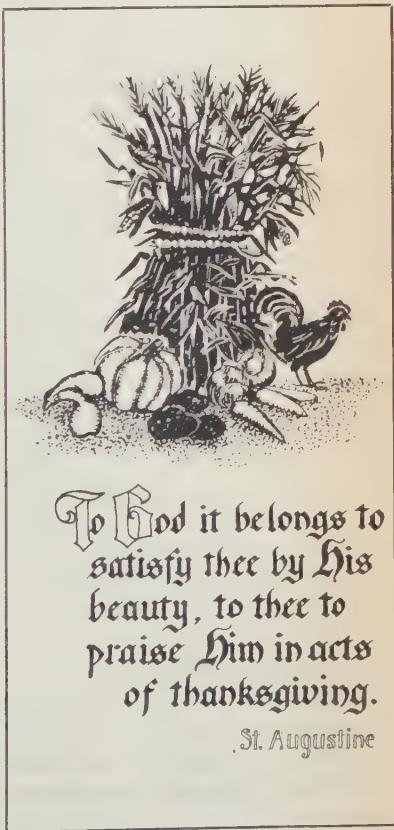


beyond it to the yard. "See that metal plate," she said. "Marks my husband's ashes. He went out to get the mail and came inside the gate and fell over into the snow. But the snow was hardly moved so I know he died instantly. I hope I can go that way, too, and my body will go to a medical school."

The winter's twilight deepening, driving confidently —think-

ing about Dorothy as a small bundle of faith, scholarship, books, travel— it seemed to me that it's almost inevitable for people to choose a parent or a cherished pastor or a beloved teacher as a person well remembered. You just don't expect to find an unforgettable character in a single day's encounter. But I had. —JBS†

The late Wernher von Braun, considered the father of modern rocketry and space technology and designer of many famous rockets (including the Saturn V, which took us to the moon) expressed these thoughts about death: "Nature does not know extinction. All it knows is transformation. If God applies this fundamental principle to the most minute and insignificant parts of His universe, doesn't it make sense to assume that He applies it also to the masterpiece of His creation, the human soul? I think it does. Everything science has taught me strengthens my belief in the continuity of our spiritual existence after death. Nothing disappears without a trace." —Taddled from *Publish or Perish*, St Andrew's, Valparaiso, Diocese of Northern Indiana



## A LITTLE MORE ON THE LITTLE CHURCH

**N**EW YORK'S Church of the Transfiguration which figures prominently in EBC's Fall Selection, *The Celebrant*, is a cornucopia of Anglicana.

It has long outlived the *other* parish "around the corner"—Madison Avenue's Church of the Atonement—which referred an actor's burial to the Little Church and thus gave it a name of lasting fame. (Later in the century, Atonement became part of the Reformed Episcopal Church.)

The "holy cucumber vine" describes not only the churchyard's trailing ivy but the Church itself which, with its annexes and additions, stretches out like a friendly, fancy dragon in its green oasis. "The most beautiful church I've ever seen never had an architect at all!" exclaimed the cathedral-builder Ralph Adams Cram.

In the 1860s it was a recognized station of the Underground Railway helping slaves from the South escape into Canada.

The founding Rector, Dr George Houghton, and his nephew, another George, served 74 years and have had only three successors—Randolph Ray, 1923-58;

Orin Griesmeyer, '58-71; and the incumbent, Norman Catir.

The distinctive lich-gate was given near the turn of the century by Laura Astor Delano, a great-aunt of President Franklin Roosevelt.

The parish church now known as Christ and St Stephen's, near Lincoln Center, was a replica of the Little Church which has also been a good friend to other New York parishes, especially Resurrection and St Martin's.

O Henry's funeral in 1910 had a real "O Henry twist," coinciding with a wedding and making it necessary for the bride to go to her reception before coming to her nuptials.

An Italian barber proffered several fig trees that flourished surprisingly in the shadow of the Empire State Building, enabling the parish to reward friendly columnists and commentators with baskets of ripe figs.

A devoted sexton, defending the dignity of his territory, once told a charismatic woman, "Sit down and be quiet! This is no place to thank God! This is a Church!"

In the 30s a desperate Vestry discussed selling the site. Instead,

the Family of the Little Church was formed to embrace people around the world to whom the parish had ministered. They each sent a dollar, as folks did in the early days of TAD, and so the bills were paid.

"Thanks to the Little Family," wrote Dr Ray, "Transfiguration is no longer a vanishing parish. It may, in fact, be the largest on earth!" □

## THE NEW GREEN VESTMENTS



**I**T WAS WITH a full heart that I approached the altar rail on Sunday, a heart filled with love and a laugh on my lips. Why laughter?

It was our 40th wedding anniversary and we brought our thanks and gratitude to the Eucharistic table. As I thought about the years we have spent in this same parish, I saw them as a moving stream, and one scene after another came to mind, weddings, baptisms, funerals, Easters, Christmas Eves and so many more.

**I** looked at the green vestments, the beautiful Mary Moore set that the parish has just acquired. The wheat ripples down the back, the grapes spring from the vine, the gold threads glow against the smooth fine linen.

About 20 years ago, my mother was head of our Altar Guild, and we had a motley array of vestments. Having begun as a mission,

we took whatever came our way, wore it out, used it up, made it do.

**O**ne good lady was greatly disturbed by the fact that the chalice veil was a different shade of green from the pulpit hangings. It scratched across her worship surface, she said, like a fingernail crossing a chalkboard. She conferred with my mother. I can see them now, in trim wool suits, brightened with little hats made of feathers and artificial flowers, checking prices and above all, shades of green.

New hangings were bought, a new veil and burse, and they all matched. The lady donor died, quite suddenly. It wasn't six months later that someone gave the church a chasuble in a different shade of green. I thought about that mightily. My mother died, and the lesson in those vestments was bittersweet. →



Came the new Rector. Came the new Prayer Book. We moved the altar forward and made other changes.

One day someone said to me, "We have ordered a new set of green vestments."

"But these are new!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, no, they are 15 years old and quite threadbare."

"Threadbare? How can that be, so gently used and only on occasional Sundays?"

"Well, not threadbare maybe, but just not exciting."

"Exciting? Whoever said the church is supposed to be exciting?"

Aha! Jesus said so, among others. Those Comfortable Words are not meant for the comfortable pews. What other things have I had to lay aside with that little feather hat my mother wore?

Well, my son's divorce was the first one in our family. It would

have broken Mother's heart, but good seems to be coming out of it. New grandchildren are individuals she never knew. New jobs have called us to new life-styles. We travel more and faster. We live more intensely; we are older, and, I hope, wiser than we were. The Church continues to teach us in so many ways.

That's when I felt laughter brimming up in me. Do I see the Church as a moving stream? And shall I let my little craft be caught on a root and hang there forever?

The new vestments reflected the candlelight as we went forward to receive Communion. I knelt and offered my joy to the Lord, thanksgiving for happiness past, appreciation of all that is, and faith in His loving care for whatever the future holds, around the next bend in the river. —Helen Ferguson, *The Living Church*



I MAY GO UNTO THE ALTAR  
OF GOD, EVEN UNTO THE  
GOD OF MY JOY  
AND GLADNESS.

—PSALM 43:4

The bookmark to the left, designed for EBC's fall selection, *The Celebrant*, is printed on bronze stock with matching bookplate on gummed paper.

The reverse side carries Psalm 26:8, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house and the place where Thine honor dwelleth." Packets of 20 bookmarks or bookplates (8-C) are available for two dollars, postpaid.

*A retired couple working in a familiar medium*

## SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL FOR THEE



THE FACT that she went to Pittsburgh's towering Cathedral of Learning was no tip-off that Helen Hunt's life was going to be concerned with the ecclesiastical. A far stronger hint of vocation was George Hunt's studying art at Carnegie Tech.

Born in Pittsburgh when it was still a sooty steel town (Dickens had called it "hell with the lid off"), George and Helen met when she was a fashion artist working with George's two sisters. They were married in 1931, the height of the depression. The studio of George's father was receiving few orders for stained glass. Helen continued as an illustrator at Gimbel's but George took over the studio when his father had a stroke. Later Helen worked as a muralist for decorators. It wasn't until she began spending some time at the studio that she discovered glass as a beautiful medium of expression.

By 1953, when George was president of the Stained Glass Association of America, 45 "glass people" set sail for France to see its incomparable art. In the US and Canada, however, gothic structures were giving way to steel construction and modern lines. Hunt Studios was one of the first to create modern design to go with the architecture. Gradually it was accepted as representing our own age and time. Churches were built everywhere and the stained glass business was a busy one. Hunt Studios had the opportunity to create great walls of faceted glass embedded in epoxy cement. The refraction of light from the chipped thick dalles gave a beautiful jewelled effect. And George won a Hall of Fame award from the construction industry.

Among the commissions in those years were Trinity Cathedral in the Diocese of Pittsburgh; St Michael's and St John the Divine, Houston, in the Diocese of Texas; and Miami's Roman Catholic Cathedral, St Mary's.

Perhaps it was the latter job that attracted the Hunts to Florida. In any case, they became charter members of All Angels-by-the-Sea located at Longboat Key. In late summer, the parish newsletter announced that the couple had agreed to present a nine-foot rose window depicting the Lord surrounded by a host of angels. Located in a peak directly over the altar, it will establish the central theme of the parish's dedication. □



# POTPOURRI



## HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

□ Caption on card issued with balloons by a welcoming committee in Nigeria, "Help the Anglican Communion blow up the Archbishop of Canterbury."

□ The late Fr Neville, SSF, an Anglican Franciscan who worked in London's East End, was much loved by people of many nationalities who addressed letters to him as Fr Nivel, Navel, Nibble, Noble and Nable—and Fadernebble. All arrived without difficulty.

## WHEN IN ROME . . .

□ Only the Archbishop could persuade the Pope to take a few minutes' rest during his visit to Canterbury. Smiling, the Pope agreed, "When in Canterbury, you do as Canterbury does."

## BULLS IN THE BULLETIN

□ Gospel: Mary 6:30-44

—Scripture Text Bulletin Insert for Seventh Sunday After Pentecost '82, Morehouse-Barlow Co

□ The College of St Barnabas, near Grinstead, is a home for 45 retired priests, each of whom has two rooms with access to a good library and commonroom —York Diocesan Bulletin

## NO KIDDING?

□ From the parish newsletter of Christ's Church, Baltimore, Diocese of Maryland: "I celebrated my fifth anniversary as Rector with the publication of the first volume of my letters to you. This is done in spite of repeated protests from sleeping pill companies that it would be unfair competition."

□ When youngsters at Trinity Cathedral, Davenport, Diocese of Iowa, were asked to write a litany, one submitted a quite practical petition:

Oh Lord, Please help me get through

this Holy Communion Class,

Lord, hear my prayer.

□ A letter to *The Times* suggested that Westminster Abbey's service of thanksgiving for peace in the Falklands should include the anthem, "*Sheep May Safely Graze.*"

□ At St Mary's, Eugene, Diocese of Oregon, the congregation giggled when the offertory hymn was announced. Its title: *Take Our Bread, We Love You.*

□ STUDY FINDS LINK BETWEEN RELIGION, POLITICS —Port Chester, NY, *Item*



#### THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

□ A mortician was one of several who gave windows for a church in the Diocese of Northwestern Pennsylvania. He said he had no preference as to its subject but, to his astonishment, the stained glass arrived with the inscription, "The Raising of Lazarus From the Dead." Somewhat bewildered, the donor wondered aloud to the priest-in-charge, "I'll bet that the undertaker who had that funeral never got paid for it!"

□ A woman layreader in the Cathedral Church of St Mark, Minneapolis, Diocese of Minnesota, writes in her parish newsletter: Thanks to the unknown carpenter who made the handsome oak box,

I can now see over the lectern! It is a step up for womankind and I shall now rise to all occasions.

#### ALL IN VAIN

□ The Englishman said, "My God!"

The Frenchman said, "Mon Dieu!"

The German said, "Du Lieber Gott . . ."

"Good God," said God, "what a job I've got."

—*Church Times*, London

□ A grandmother feeling glamorous in a new red cape sought to amuse her grandchildren by pretending to be Red Hiding Hood. "Who am I?" she cried. Without hesitation they chorused, "Dracula!" □

### NOT THE ODD COUPLE

SINCE the Reformation, civil affairs and commerce have increasingly distanced themselves from ecclesiastical doctrines and affairs, yet the world has kept a respect for the Church's lead in charity in such forms as hospitals, orphanages, asylums and general relief of the needy. Another convergence with Christian doctrine has grown up within this generation—the widespread popular concern with ecology and the environment has come into line with the traditional Christian doctrine that the universe is a grand sacrament of the will and working of the Creator, so that any destructive interference with Nature is not only a pity but a sin. It is abundantly clear from such sad phenomena as Love Canal and hundreds of poorly contained chemical waste dumps that elements of the chemical industry have been, figuratively speaking (and sometimes literally), getting away with murder. Long may the alliance of interest flourish between the Church and secular concern for air, soil, water and all the creatures that live or die by them. —Rector, St Mary's, Franklin, Diocese of Louisiana

# BURIALS

✠ Aurelia Lott Dumas, 74, Senior Warden of St Peter's in the City and Diocese of Chicago, who collapsed at the altar rail while receiving Holy Communion during the 11 am Sunday Eucharist and never regained consciousness; from St Peter's.

✠ Robert Bingham, 57, who went from his hometown of Lima, Ohio, to Harvard and a decade ago became Executive Editor of *The New Yorker*. "He always had a pencil in one hand, a big eraser in the other," said the writer John McPhee, "but for all his close attention to the little bits of individual sentences and paragraphs, 95 percent of what he did as an editor was his conversations with writers at the outset of a project and throughout the long months and years of writing something"; from Zion, Dobbs Ferry, Diocese of New York.

✠ Ella Dunlevy Milbank Foshay, 71, of New York (and more recently, Hobe Sound, Fla) who, sharing her late husband's interest in animal life, became the first woman to hold office in the New York Zoological Society and was noted for support of research projects on the great Indian rhinoceros in Nepal and the South American jaguar; from St James,

Manhattan, in the City and Diocese of New York.

✠ J B Phillips, 75, translator of the *New English Bible*. London-born and Cambridge-educated, John Bertram Phillips left the parochial ministry in 1955, worked quietly in libraries, and rarely wore a clerical collar. The result was that most readers did not realize he was an Anglican priest even as a score or so of Biblically-oriented books continued to be published; from Salisbury Cathedral of which he was a Canon Emeritus.

✠ Charles Beard, 81, Toledo-born aviation pioneer who, as president of Braniff Airways ('54-65) saw brightly-colored BA planes circling the globe and, in retirement, observed its bankruptcy last spring; from St Michael and All Angels in the City and Diocese of Dallas.

✠ Courtlandt Gross, 77, Boston-born, Harvard-educated retired chairman of Lockheed Aircraft, and his wife, Alexandra, who with their housekeeper, Catherine Vander Veur, were found mysteriously shot to death in their secluded mansion in the Philadelphia Main Line suburb of Villanova; from St Thomas, Whitemarsh, Diocese of Pennsylvania.

✠ David Alan Brown, 60, who was a missionary in the Sudan for ten years and a Rural Dean in England for a like period before becoming VI Bishop of Guildford in 1973. He collapsed and died after Gener-

al Synod failed to achieve a two-thirds majority in one order of voting on covenanting with the Methodist, Moravian and United Reform Churches (laity, 154-71; bishops, 38-11; clergy, 148-91) and was buried from his home parish, St Mary's, Worplesdon.

✠ **RELIGIOUS ORDERS:** *Community of the Holy Spirit*, Melrose, NY: Sr Geraldine, CHS, the first in the 30-year history of the Church's most rapidly growing Order. "Our warden, Canon West, told us we would not be a great community until we had the experience of having a Sister in Heaven," wrote Sr Geraldine in the society's newsletter; *Commun-*

*ity of the Sacred Passion*: Sr Paula, 61, of one of the three branch houses in Tanzania; *Community of St Mary*: Sr Mary Oliva, CSM, 91, and Sr Theresa, CSM, 93, at St Mary's Convent, Peekskill, Diocese of New York; *Order of the Holy Paraclete*: Sr Ethelwyn, OHP, 71, of St Hilda's Priory, Whitby, Diocese of York; *Sisters of Bethany*: Sr Elsie Clara, SSB, 89, of House of Bethany, Hindhead, Diocese of Guildford; *Sisters of the Church*: Sr Rachel, CSC, of St Michael's Convent, Ham, Surrey, Diocese of Chichester; *Society of the Precious Blood*: Sr Clare Mary, SPB, at Priory of Our Lady of Mercy, Maseru, Diocese of Lesotho.

The distinctive cross used on TAD's cover and most other materials originating at Hillspeak was designed for American Type Founders by Johannes Troyer, a Tyrolean who studied art in Austria and Germany before working as a letterer, calligrapher or illustrator for Austrian, German and Swiss book publishers. With the invasion of the Nazis, he fled from Austria to the principality of Liechtenstein where he designed postage stamps; he came to the United States in 1949. The Troyer ornament was especially suited to the Epsicopal Book Club; it is the symbol of the resurrection of our Lord and therefore the universally recognized sign of all that is Christian; the loops in this instance stand for the four seasons of the astronomical year—spring, summer, autumn and winter, when the EBC sends books to its members. Moreover, the loops show that everything begins and ends with God, the author and finisher of our faith. The Hillspeak or Four Seasons Cross, as it is sometimes called, with a longer pendant, also confronts the reader as he opens the magazine and begins reading. With it is printed the summary statement of our days—to produce "a miscellany reflecting the words and work of the faithful throughout the Anglican Communion."

## BY WILL AND DEED

☆ TO ST MARY'S, ANDOVER, Diocese of Winchester, England, 89,000 pounds from Millicent Taylor of Kedington, Suffolk, for restoration and upkeep in memory of her husband, Flight Lt William E Taylor.

☆ TO TRANSFIGURATION, Derry, Diocese of New Hampshire, the annual income from the 1.3-million dollar estate of the Maximilian and Rose Marie Meeker Trust, to be shared equally with the local hospital and Baptist church. Born 85 years ago in Paris, Mrs Meeker was an interpreter for the League of Nations, later lived modestly in Melrose, Mass, and since about 1947 in Derry. Comfortable in well-worn clothes inevitably topped off with a hat, she attended both churches but was not a member of either.

☆ TO ST RICHARD'S in the City and Diocese of Chicago, \$250,000 from Eugene Cornelius Waage, 56, whose family fortune came from making flat irons, to constitute a parish endowment fund which will give a dollar to the community for every dollar spent within the parish; also \$35,000 from Edward Flinn, 90, a printer, to be divided equally between St Richard's and another Chicago parish, St John's.

☆ TO THE DIOCESE OF TEXAS, income from a \$20,000,000 trust established with monies from H H Coffield, 80, an oil man who was a communicant of St Thomas, Rockdale. Beneficiaries of the \$2,000,000 so far received are the Presiding Bishop's Fund for World Relief, the Episcopal Seminary of the Southwest, St Stephen's School at Austin, St James' Nursing Home at Baytown, Camp Allen Conference Center at Navasota, St Vincent's Social Service Center in Galveston, the Bishop Quinn Fund (for congregational loans) and the University of the South.

☆ TO NASHOTAH HOUSE SEMINARY, Nashotah, Wis, a total of \$185,627 from three estates—\$46,920, John Braislin, 85, Canton, Conn, real estate broker; \$80,998, Arthur Modine, 95, Racine, Wis, manufacturer; and \$75,709, Mildred Pfeffer, 96, Pewaukee, Wis, retired telephone company employee.

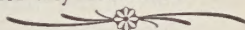
☆ TO CHURCH OF ENGLAND PENSIONS BOARD, a third of an estate of 242,985 pounds, left by Miss Freda Thompson of St Mary's, Selly Oak, Diocese of Birmingham.

☆ TO CHRIST'S CHURCH, Baltimore, Diocese of Maryland, \$50,000 as a corporate donation by Ernest Boch, President, New England Subaru-Oldsmobile, for new settings for Rite I, Morning and Evening Prayer, including the pointing and setting of Psalter and



articles, for special perfection of liturgical music (there were 20 Moral Eucharists last year), development of concerts featuring nationally known artists, and the beginnings of a chamber orchestra to be based at Christ's Church.

The parish has also received \$10,000 from a benefit performance by Anna Russell to support the work of Fr Brian Bostwick, SSJE, and Christ's Church presence in inner-city Baltimore.



## QUARTER WATCH



*The Times* of London says "Fr Timothy Thompson of St James, Colchester, prepared tea on the roof of his church where he is having a week's stay in a sponsored flat. He chose to be nearer his maker to raise funds for renovations. He mounted to the roof, via a fire brigade ladder, on the parish's Patronal Feast but was not entirely alone. The Bishop of Chelmsford called in for lunch and the Post Office installed a telephone—3038."

When Fr Jack Parker retired after 17 years as Rector of the burgeoning parish of St Gregory's, Deerfield (Diocese of Chicago), he was succeeded by his curate, Fr Albert Holland, a Maryland-born seabury graduate who brings unusual qualifications to the role of parish priest: he formerly worked for the CIA.

A New York *Times* article, "Malpractice Approaches the Pulpit," sums up the sentiments of

many priests in the words of Fr Gregory Straub, 34, New Jersey-born, Philadelphia-educated Rector (since 1976) of Emmanuel, Chestertown, Diocese of Easton (Md): "When I give counsel, the possibility of a lawsuit is certainly in the back of my mind. I am very relieved to be insured."

¶ St Cuthbert's House, the main building of the Community of the Holy Spirit at Melrose (Diocese of New York) caught fire within two hours after long awaited repairs were made to the roof. Insurance will reimburse the Sisterhood which, founded in 1952, now has 30 members and four novices.

¶ Personal to all readers: With an international circulation of well over 75,000, we are terribly antiquated in our mailing procedures. Finances at the moment preclude an investment in a computer but if perhaps someone knows of a used one that might serve our purpose, we'd appreciate learning of it. □

(Continued from inside front cover)

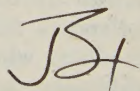
As a background to all of these sacred observances, the Church offers an unending panorama of the liturgical year: red for Pentecost and martyrs; white for Easter, Christmas, nuptials and requiems; purple for the penitence of Lent; green for growth and renewal; blue for remembrances of Mary.

So the Christian year unfolds in all the fullness that TAD attempts to recapture and report in its pages. We are a small magazine using only pints of colored ink as compared with the thundering presses of *Time* and *Fortune*. Yet we marvel at the dimension and depth our printer gets on the cheapest of papers.

Looking back over the last 11 issues, we see the pastoral watercolor rendered by Michael Ramsey. (It had languished for 18 years in a dictionary.) The issue on *The Francis Book* featured San Francisco's altars, murals and glass. We've also depicted other great cathedrals such as Canterbury and Washington as well as Thomas Merton's Episcopal parish and Boston's Church of the Advent. You have seen an interesting group picture (the Lambeth Bishops); the ornate sanctuary of All Saints, Margaret Street; and Alan Paton's beautiful land. The recently published photograph of New Orleans' futuristic Convention Center has all the qualities of a Salvadore Dali painting.

Readers are constantly telling us of their personal associations with places we've pictured like Grace Church Cathedral, New Orleans, and The Cloisters on the northernmost tip of Manhattan Island. The Eastertide '81 issue carrying a 19th century painting, *The Baptism*, from the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, was quickly exhausted.

All of these pictures celebrate the treasures of Anglicanism in grand cathedrals and distant parishes on every continent. Encouraged by your enthusiastic interest and support we anticipate presenting many more in our pages. Taken together they are a moving witness to the Church's age-old desire to "worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness," and form a significant background against which to present the issues of our times.



James B Simpson†  
The Rector of Hillspeak



coming in December . . .

## THROUGH JOY AND BEYOND: A PICTORIAL BIOGRAPHY



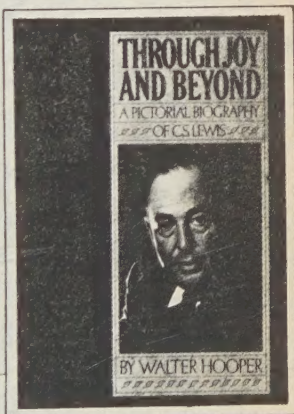
THE Winter Selection of the Episcopal Book Club is *Through Joy and Beyond: A Pictorial Biography of C S Lewis*. Published by Macmillan, it is a sweeping and comprehensive study compiled by Fr Walter Hooper, an American priest who is Lewis's literary executor. The book is tentatively scheduled to retail at \$15.75 but will cost EBC members only \$7.50 as part of the \$30 annual membership fee that provides four books a year, postage paid.

The Spring '83 Book Selection is *Patrick: Sixteen Centuries With Ireland's Patron Saint*. Also published by Macmillan, it was suggested by EBC to follow *The Francis Book*, the highly popular selection for Winter 1980. The author is a long-time EBC member, Alice Lloyd Proudfoot, a communicant of Christ Church, Bronxville, N Y, and the widow of John F Kennedy's Ambassador to Ireland.

Later in the year, EBC hopes to distribute *In His Image*, a sequel to one of the best received selections of the last year—*Fearfully and Wonderfully Made*, by Dr Paul Brand and Philip Yancey. Please use form below to begin or continue your membership: To Hillspeak, Eureka Springs, Arkansas 72632

Enclosed please find my contribution to—

- ☐ Episcopal Book Club (\$30 a year)
- ☐ The Anglican Digest  
(suggested contribution:  
\$5 a year, renewable on your birthday)
- ☐ SPEAK, Inc (Society for Encouragement and  
Preservation of Arts and Knowledge)
- ☐ Howard Lane Foland Library
- ☐ Gift subscriptions for others (list attached)



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Please check here if you are listing a new address



GRADUATE THEOLOGICAL UNION LIBRARY  
PERIODICALS ROOM  
2400 RIDGE ROAD  
BERKELEY CA 94709